

# The Southern Herald

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## COMPARES BENNY KAUFF WITH TY COBB



Benny Kauff and Ty Cobb.

"Benny Kauff?" Hughey Jennings, master of the greatest baseball player the game can boast, Ty Cobb, repeated the last two words of a query and a hundred freckles lighted up as he smiled. "O, he's a good ball player—a fair ball player. But it isn't fair to mention him in the same breath with Ty Cobb. Selling Platters don't stack up with stake horses."

And just a few days ago Jennings saw the two pitted against each other as center fielders, in a game between the Tigers and the New York Giants at Houston, Tex. Ty Cobb, playing his first game of the year without a workout, made Kauff look awkward, says the boss of the Bengal ranch. A few days ago John McGraw, Benny

Kauff's master, came forth with a statement after seeing Cobb in that game that the Tiger without doubt was the greatest natural ball player he had ever seen. Jennings agreed with him absolutely. And he has a few good things to say of Kauff.

"Kauff will hit .300 in the National league," the "ee-yah" singer declares. "But that isn't as difficult a job as hitting .300 in the American league. The former Federal leaguer would be only an average ball player in the American league. We're a lot faster than the National."

"What would Cobb hit in the National league then?" he was asked.

"I can't think of such big numbers," the answer came back.

## THINKING ABOUT LITTLE DOG

Pitcher Slim Saltee Makes Poor Play While Worried About Lonesome Pet Left at Home.

A group of baseball players were discussing left-handers the other day, and as they ranged from Waddell to Benton to Saltee, they agreed that the man who pitches with his wrong arm is always the possessor of eccentric moods. "Slim" Saltee was working against the Giants at the Polo grounds," said one member of the group, "and in the seventh inning the Giants filled the bases and needed only one run to tie. A ball was hit to Saltee, but instead of throwing the ball to the plate and forcing a man, he hurried it to first. When he got



Slim Saltee.

back to the bench the rest of the players began to 'ride' him and accuse the pitcher of having been rattled by the shouts of the crowd.

"Oh, let me alone," said 'Slim.' 'I didn't mind the crowd. I was just thinking of my poor little dog at home. He's all alone.'"

Sweet on Zeb Terry.

Zeb Terry is just as good as reports have had him, according to President Comiskey. The Old Roman extended the praise the scribes heaped on the former Stanford university star. "There is not a shortstop in the country who can do anything Zeb Terry can't duplicate."

## BASEBALL STORIES

The cream of a baseball club should be found in the pitcher.

It takes a lot of runs to enable a baseball team to win in a walk.

Carl Mays of the Red Sox is now the only underhand pitcher in the American league.

President Tener is in favor of abolishing spring games between clubs in the National league.

An auburn-nosed baseball fan informs us that a highball in the hand is worth two in the air.

Baseball is a splendid game or it would be smothered by the immense amount of capital tied up in it.

The New York National will pay part of Jim Thorpe's salary while he plays with the Milwaukee team this year.

Erma Midkiff, who managed the Louisville Colonels last year, has been released to the Memphis Southern league club.

Manager Tinker thinks Schulte will help the Cubs a great deal in left field, because he understands the batters in the league.

These are the days when many a promising youngster is sent back to the "bushes" to learn something more about baseball.

Clark Griffith of Washington has signed Kenneth McGovern, Knox college pitcher, who will join the team the latter part of June.

Peter Allison, who has been turned back to the Southern league at New Orleans by Joe Tinker, is a star out-felder in that league.

Heine Zimmerman is seeking the premier male dancing title now held by Wassily Nijinsky. Heine prances best after hearing a strike miscalled.

The man who is a weather expert and a baseball fan commands a certain amount of sympathy just now as one whose business spoils his pleasure.

A new collegian who will join the Athletics is Otis Lawry, captain of the University of Maine team. He will join the A's in June, after school closes.

## OUTLOOK IS BRIGHT

SO SAYS JOHN K. TENER, PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Never Have Prospects Been Brighter in National Pastime—Baseball War Brought About Some Deplorable Conditions.

(By JOHN K. TENER, President of the National League.)

Splendid! That's my opinion of the baseball outlook for 1916, not merely for the National league, but for every diamond organization in the country. Not since I have been connected with the great national game, either as player, rooster or executive, have prospects been brighter for all concerned.

The mass of people in this country love the old game. During the past two years they have not shown it as much as in other years, but that was due to two things. One was the European war, which for a time, brought about a business depression. The other was the baseball war, which placed the affairs of baseball in a chaotic state.

But now all is changed. The country is enjoying prosperity greater than ever before in its history. The people have money—and they do not feel that in spending some of it for baseball they need sacrifice later to make up for the outlay.

Peaceful conditions in the baseball world means that the game itself will be from 20 to 40 per cent faster and better than it was during the past two years. The players realize now that they must play the game—and they will. They are going to put their whole hearts and souls into the task. There will be no shirking. The boys will be out there day after day, battling every inch of the way, not merely because they must play at full speed to retain their jobs, but because their hearts are back in their tasks again.

The baseball war brought about deplorable conditions. The so-called



John K. Tener, President of National League.

flirting of the Federals turned the heads of some of the players. Conditions were unsettled. But all is rosy now.

I look for one of the prettiest races the National league has ever known, and from what I hear, the American league will stage a fight equally as thrilling. Some of the clubs in our circuit that were somewhat weak last year have been strengthened. Every team has a chance for the pennant honors as the rival outfits prepare to toe the mark for the opening battle. Two or three of the clubs in the National league aren't conceded a chance by dopesters—but the unexpected usually happens in baseball. The Braves weren't conceded a chance in 1914. Nor were the Phillies in 1915. Yet both won out. History may repeat itself this year.

Washington's infield.

The Washington's infield comprises Joe Judge, a local boy, on first base; Ray Morgan at second, Eddie Foster on third, and the veteran McBride covering short field. Manager Griffith says that Judge, a better man than Chick Gandil, is one of the best first basemen in either major league.

Two First-Class Catchers.

The Pirates will have two first-class catchers in Gibson and Art Wilson, the latter having been purchased from the Chicago Feds.

Congratulate Peckinpau.

The New York American players are congratulating Captain Roger Peckinpau on his wonderful improvement in hitting.

## SUBLIME COURAGE AS IT IS SEEN IN THE HOSPITALS BEHIND VERDUN

Unconquerable Spirit of the French Soldier Is Manifested at Receiving Stations, Where Stir of Battle and Incentive to Brave Deeds Are Lacking—Day With Wounded Described in Graphic Letter From Noted Writer.

Paris.—The unconquerable spirit of the French soldier, as manifested in the field hospital to which the American ambulance among others hurry the seriously wounded from the relief stations in the immediate rear of the fighting lines at Verdun, is told in graphic fashion by a noted French writer, A. Vollin, as a result of a trip which he was permitted to make in the fifth week of the great battle.

"On the previous day," he writes, "the great guns had been roaring unceasingly, with a hoarse, thunderous noise and with formidable explosions of fury which made the windows rattle and caused the last of the snow to fall from the roofs. On this morning the silence is almost complete."

"It is a sign that the infantry is attacking," says the sergeant in charge of supplies, who is something of a strategist. "We are soon going to be busy."

"Very soon the dull roll of the ambulances is heard. It can be recognized among the bounding and tearing noises of the ordinary wagons."

"The bell rings three times, which means that there are three wounded men, and the litters are hurriedly brought out into the yard."

Glad to Be Alive.

"In the case of the two first comers there is nothing serious to fear. They are two sublieutenants, two boys, and they have become acquainted on the way. Although their looks are still full of astonished stupefaction, they try to laugh, happy at having fought well and at being alive, even merely alive, although a thigh has been broken and a lung pierced. One of them has his helmet tightly pressed on his breast."

"No, don't take it away; don't take it away," he pleads. "I shall take it to bed with me; it is my friend, my savior," and he points to an enormous slash in the blue steel. "To think that I came off so easy! With only a damaged leg."

"The other smiles gently as he breathes heavily. He is blond, with a light down on his cheeks and his eyes are blue, and his whole appearance boyish."

"Lieutenant," says the attendant who is emptying his pockets, "you have a military card and letters which are not in your name."

"The young man raises his eyebrows."

"Oh, yes, I remember," he says suddenly. "I had just been hit, and they placed me against the bank; I was nearly frozen and my teeth were chattering. In the neighborhood of a company was about to start to the attack. Then one of the soldiers, an old fellow with a big mustache and kindly eyes, leaned over me and said, 'You are cold, poor boy.' He took off his coat and threw it over me, and then I saw him running in his shirt-sleeves to catch up with the others."

"Here is a photograph of his wife and children," said the attendant, "and also his purse."

"It was a worn leather purse, with a gold piece, a few cents, and three cigarettes in it, the entire fortune of the poilu."

"What a good fellow," sighs the little lieutenant. "I don't know him and it would not be easy to find him now; it will be a case for the special bureau."

"A major and a captain," announces an ambulance driver.

The Dying Major.

"The major's gray head shakes with the movement of the carriers. His

eyelids are like dark cavities in a face frightfully discolored. His purple lips continuously murmur words in a spasmodic and touching way: 'Quick—Telephone—They are holding—More munitions—Ah, the fine boys!—They have got there—Fine!'

"Someone raises the covering, and from the neck to the feet the great body of the major is revealed wound up in reddened bandages, like a mummy in rusted strips. At the first relief post they had not spared their pains in dressing his wounds."

"Are you suffering, major?" he is asked.

"His eyelids slowly uncover the already dimmed pupils. His distant look turns to the fresh face of the attendant and to the white cap of the nurse, and then, with a peculiar accent of gentleness and exhaustion, he says: 'No, my boy; no, my little girl.'"

"His eyelids drop suddenly, closed forever."

"Madame," an attendant says to the chief nurse, "please tell the captain that he is not reasonable. He wants to get into bed by himself, and he has a fragment of shell in his side."

"The captain is a young officer of chasseurs, slender, vigorous, with his cap on his ear. Seated on the stretcher, he is making efforts to rise, and a little grimace twists his mouth."

"Madame," he says, "I precept my compliments. I don't want to be carried. I am not a little girl. What would my chasseurs say? Ah, madame, the fine boys, the fine boys! If you had seen them climb out of the trenches to attack the flood of Germans, and they fall; I saw them fall; my sergeants, my lieutenants, my orderly—and he was such a good boy; but the others kept on running forward. It was magnificent. And then this wretched piece of shell caught me in the ribs, and how those boys looked after me. They carried me in an overcoat, and when a shell exploded they lay down on me, they actually covered me with their bodies. And to think that I left them out there all alone, my chasseurs, my boys!"

"Gradually the beds are filled. Each little room has its share of suffering—of silent suffering. The seriously wounded do not complain much."

"The chief surgeon and his assistants come along. He has just left the operating room; his linen coat is stained with blood and he holds his hands, covered with rubber gloves, high in the air. Under his white cap his face, crossed by a thin mustache, appears thin and hollow, with the strained, sharp expression evoked by a day of work at high pressure."

"He stops before each bed, consults the chart, makes a brief examination and pronounces a few brief words. No time to lose, for there will be operations all night long."

The Battle With Death.

"Send this one to the operating room at once. Yes, captain; it will be a quick affair. Send that one next. Give him 500 centilitres of serum in the meantime. Give that other one camphorated oil, maximum dose."

"It is the bitter, determined struggle against death, which is eagerly on the watch."

"There is a more lengthy delay at the bed of a lieutenant who has just been brought in. His stiff hair is curly and his face is like a sculpture in clear bronze. His eyes are of a bright, clear color and they look sharply at the faces that bend over him."

mona. On orange day I brought some of the fruit from Pomona to the county hospital, where I met some of the boys who were there when I was a patient. I got a chance to get a big can and some things for my leg. Then I was arrested."

Judge White sentenced McCaslin to 90 days in jail.

Jenious of "Mourning" Husband.

New York.—Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood has instituted proceedings in divorce against her husband, Peter V. Sherwood of New York city. She alleges he "went in mourning" for the death of another woman and refused to tell her the woman's name.

In order to increase speed by overcoming wind resistance, one of the New England dirigibles has all the machinery and space for passengers included in the balloon.

Two million miles of dirt roads have been built in the United States. The total length of public roads of all kinds in this country is estimated at 1,350,000 miles.

"Late I have been living in Po-

"All right!" says the surgeon at last, in a gentle voice. His eyes wandered to the bed table and he observed an open letter in a graceful feminine handwriting, on which the three words, 'I love you!' stand out sharply. He covered up the wounded officer and tucked in the covering around him quite tenderly.

"We shall not touch you tonight," he adds. "You are not suffering too much? Good, you will have a sedative. Rest well and good-night."

"As the surgeon leaves the room he makes a gesture across his abdomen from one side to the other and whispers: 'He is lost; cut right across. He has no pulse and he will not live till morning. And what a magnificent boy; such courage and such a brave look. It's dreadful to feel that one can do nothing.'"

"Madame, the lieutenant with the curly hair wishes to speak to you," says an attendant. The nurse returns to the room on the tips of her toes.

"Madame," the lieutenant says calmly, "I ask for you because I am lost."

The Great Sacrifice.

"You lost! Why talk such foolishness?"

"Thanks, madame, but it is useless to deceive me. I am lost; I feel it, and I know it. Oh, I am not complaining; so many of my comrades are gone. It was my turn; that's all. Besides, I have the immense joy of knowing that I die for something. They will not get to Verdun and they are wearing out. Only (and he turns to the darkening window), only I would have liked to see the sun again. Madame, I have some letters here and a photograph. Will you do me the favor to burn them?"

"The bronzed hand reaches out and seizes the papers on the table and presses them over his breast, which rises in a sigh. For a brief moment his fingers tremble and his mouth contracts. Then he holds out the papers."

"Take them. Thanks."

"He is silent. His sacrifice has been consummated. Tears fall from the nurse's eyes on her white bodice and on the love letters, which she presses tight."

"My mother," begins the lieutenant again.

"Do you wish to dictate a letter for her?"

"There is a pause. 'No; I am not strong enough. You will tell her. You will know best how to tell her.'"

"His eyes close, and then all at once they open again."

"My notebook. All my war life is inscribed in it, day by day. I have entered the date of my wound. When all is over, will you please add the day and the hour."

"The nurse nods her head affirmatively."

"Thanks once more, madame; you are kind. You must not cry. Go back to the others, who need you more. Good-night, madame."

Reminiscences of the Day.

"The wounded continued to arrive. There are hardly any beds unoccupied. Some young officers who can be moved—broken arms, bullet in the shoulder and general wounds—will be sent to the rear in the evening. They are seated around a fire in their muddy uniforms, which are torn and stained with blood, and they chat in low tones, for there are three comrades in bed near them. They are talking of the recent fighting and their movements are feverish and their eyes shine."

"How funny you looked, old man," says one to another, "as you ran forward, with your hair in the wind and a bagful of grenades on your stomach like an opossum!"

"Did you see Lieutenant X—?" After the first attack he waved his yellow gloves and said in that mincing voice of his: 'Is not this shelling ridiculous? Those poor Boches have no sense of art!'"

"All the same, with his gloves and his funny voice, X— is more reckless than all of us together."

COCONUT IS SENT BY MAIL

Address Burned on Oval Sent From Hawaii—Stamps Affixed to Outer Covering.

Huntington Park, Cal.—The queerest piece of mail matter in local post-office history arrived recently addressed to Dr. Sigmund Frey, head of the Jewish Orphans' home. A coconut from Hawaii was delivered to him. The nut was still within its original fibrous covering and the address had been burned into the smooth outer surface with a burning needle. Sixty cents' worth of stamps were necessary for postage, stuck on the nut itself.

Excellent Reason.

Another reason why one child is not enough for a family is that when it grows up the father has two babies in the family, and the mother and the kid have noob.—Houston Post.

Every day the River Thames sweeps 1,500 tons of earth from its banks.